





T H E
Wrangling LOVERS:

O R,

Like Master like Man.

A

F A R C E.

Compil'd by WILLIAM LYON, *Comedian.*



E D I N B U R G H:

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P R E F A C E.

I*T is not the Vanity of appearing in Print, that has induc'd me to publish the following Scenes; but Mrs. Este desiring my Advice about a Farce for her Benefit, I recollected an old Comedy, written by Sir John Vanbrugh, call'd The Mistake, in which are several Scenes of low Humour; which, with a little Alteration, I thought might make a tolerable good Farce: If therefore this Piece can any Way contribute to the Diversion or Amusement of the Publick, I am fully rewarded; being always ready to acknowledge how much I am their*

Most grateful, and
obliged humble Servant,

WILLIAM LYON.

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EPILOGUE,

T O B E

Spoken by a COMEDIAN, with an Owl
upon his Hand.

WHAT do ye stare, and wonder at? My Fowl.
Is it so strange a Sight to see an Owl?

If ye think so, pray gaze at one another,

He has among you many a hooting Brother.

Don't be asham'd, my Bird, thy well-spread Face

Proves thee a Bird of Fashion and of Race,

And gives thee a strong Influence in this Place.

What Pity it is he ha'nt a Hat and Wig,

How would he swear, and swagger, and look big?

Were he but full dress'd out from Top to Toe,

Two Whores, a Chariot, Equipage for Show,

Of all Mankind he'd be the greatest Beaux.

Then for a Voice!-----his Pipe's so shrill, of such harmonious Ring;

So sweet, - he might in *Handell's* Op'ra sing:

And

And wou'd he tell, what gentle Nymphs he spies,
 Their Evening-pranks, as he the Welkin flies,
 When they begin to wing their silent Flight,
 Just in the gloomy Shadings of Owl-light;
 He cou'd;----but he's by Nature close and hush,
 And won't, for Shame, put Ladies to the Blush.
 His high Attainments in all Parts of Knowledge,
 Do show his Education in the College.
 From his sage Phiz, and Philosophick Looks,
 'Tis plain he has convers'd with modern Books;
 Read *Whiston*, *Clerke* and *Clindon* o'er and o'er,
 With *Collins*, *Coward*, *Tindal*, many more:
 And tho' perhaps some may him think a Blinker,
 I can assure you, Sirs, he's a Free-thinker.
 Who knows to what Preferment he may climb,
 He may a Judge, or General be in Time;
 His Judgment, Courage, Gravity are great,
 Suited to any Post in Camp or State.

If for the Gown he rather aims-----

They'll

They'll ne'er desert, nor leave him in the Lurch,
For Owls are still observ'd about the Church.

Or if thou would'st thy Country's Rights protect,
Defend old Laws, and publick Schemes erect,

At next Election, as a Member fit,

Thou shalt be chose in Parliament to sit ;

A Senate pick'd, compos'd of such as you,

What Wonders for the Nation would it do ?

But thou must die, and when thy Life is fled,

Some *British* Bard shall say--- Alas he's dead !

In Rhimes as soft--- as is the Poet's Head.

Thus shall he sing-----

How many Nations join to make thee great,

To swell thy Figure, build thy Fame compleat ?

French Faith, *English* Religion, *Irish* Wit,

In him alone these joint Perfections meet.

But come---- no more my Bird, as we came hither,

So we'll march off like silly Owls together.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Alvarez, — — *Mr. Thomson.*

Felix, — — *Mr. Hamilton.*

Metaphrastus, — *Mr. Howell.*

Carlos, — — *Mr. Ward.*

Sancho, — — *Mr. Lyon.*

W O M E N.

Leonora, — — — *Miss Copen.*

Facinta, — — — *Mrs. Este.*

T H E



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Wrangling LOVERS:

O R,

Like Master like Man.

Enter Don Felix.

Don Fel.



Y Son to go and contract himself with *Leonora*, old *Alvarez's* Daughter, without her Father's Knowledge; this can never end well. I don't know what to do, he'll conclude I was privy to it, and his Power and Interest are so great at Court, he may with Ease contrive my Ruin: But here comes this young hot-brain'd Coxcomb, who with his Midnight-amours has been the Cause of all this Mischief to me.

B

Enter

Enter Carlos.

So, Sir, you are come to receive my Thanks for your noble Exploits; you think you have done bravely now, ungracious Offspring, to bring perpetual Troubles on me. Must there never pass a Day, but I must drink some bitter Potion or other of your Preparation for me?

Car. I am amaz'd, Sir, pray what have I done to deserve your Anger?

Don Fel. Nothing, no Manner of Thing in the World, nor never does; I am an old testy Fellow, and am always a scolding, and finding Fault for nothing; complaining, that I have got a Coxcomb of a Son, that makes me weary of my Life; fancying he perverts the Order of Nature, turning Day into Night, and Night into Day; getting Whims in my Brain, that he consumes his Life in Idleness, unless he refuses now and then to do some noble Stroke of Mischief; and having an impertinent Dream at this time, that he has been making the Fortune of the Family, by an underhand Contract of Marriage with the Daughter of a Man, who will crush us all to Powder for it. Ah! ungracious Wretch, to bring an old Man into all this Trouble: The Pain thou gavest thy Mother to bring thee into the World, and the Plague thou hast given me to keep thee here, make the getting thee (tho' 'twas in our Honey

ney-moon) a bitter Remembrance to us both.

[Exit Don Felix.]

Car. So, all's out.—Here's a noble Storm arising, and I'm at Sea in a Cockboat. But which way could this Business reach him? By this Traitor *Sancho*,—it must be so; it could be no other way! for only he, and the Notary that drew the Contract know of it. The Villain will never confess, tho' I must try a little Address with him, and conceal my Anger. O! here he comes.

Enter Sancho.

San. Do you call, Sir?

Car. I find all's discovered to my Father; the Secret's out; he knows our Contract.

San. He knows your Contract. How the Pest should that happen? Sir, 'tis impossible; that's all.

Car. I tell thee 'tis true, he knows every Particular of it.

San. He does!—why then, Sir, all I can say is, That Satan and he are better acquainted than the Devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Car. Which way he has discovered it, I can't tell, nor am I much concern'd to know, since, beyond all my Expectations, I find him perfectly easy at it, and ready to excuse my Fault with better Reasons than I can find to do it myself.

San.

San. Say you so.—I am very glad to hear that; then all's safe.— [Aside.

Car. 'Tis unexpected good Fortune; but it could never proceed purely from his own Temper; there must have been Pains taken with him to bring him to this Calm; I'm sure I owe much to the Bounty of some Friend or other; I wish I knew where my Obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

San. Are you thereabouts? I'faith, then sharp's the Word; I'gad I'll own the Thing, and receive his Bounty for't. [Aside.] Why, Sir,—not that I pretend to make a Merit of the Matter; for, alas! I am but your poor Hireling, and therefore bound in Duty to render you all the Service I can.—But—'tis I have don't.

Car. What hast thou done?

San. What no Man else could have done; the Job, Sir; told him the Secret, and then talk'd him into a liking on't.

Car. 'Tis impossible, thou dost not tell me true.

San. Sir, I scorn to reap any thing from another Man's Labours; but if this poor Piece of Service carries any Merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Car. Thou art not serious.

San. I am, or may Hunger be my Mess-mate.

Car.

Car. And may Famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for't, as thou deservest.—dead.

[*Making a Pass at him.*]

San. Have a Care there. [*Leaping on one side.*] what do you mean, Sir? I bar all Surprise.

Car. Traitor! Is this the Fruit of the Trust I placed in thee,—Villain? [*making another Thrust at him*]

San. Take heed, Sir, you'll do me a Mischief before you're aware.

Car. What Recompence canst thou make me, Wretch, for this Piece of Treachery? Thy fordid Blood can't expiate the thousandth—But I'll have it however. [*Thrusts again.*]

San. Look you there again: pray, Sir, be quiet; Is the Devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edg'd Tools. I'gad, that last Push was within an Inch a'me. I don't know what you make all this Bustle about; but I'm sure I have done all for the best, and I believe it will prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little Patience. But if Gentlemen will be in their Airs in a Moment,—why, what the deux,—I'm sure I have been as eloquent as *Cicero* in your Behalf; and I don't doubt, to good Purpose too, if you'll give things Time to work. But nothing but foul Language, and naked Swords about the House, *sa, sa*; run you through

through, you Dog: Why, no-body can do Business at this rate.

Car. And suppose your Project fail, and I'm ruin'd by't, Sir.

San. Why, 'twill be Time enough to kill me then, Sir, Won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides, I an't ready, I'm not prepar'd, I might be undone by't.

Car. But what will *Leonora* say to her Contract's being known, Wretch?

San. Why, may be she'll draw—her Sword too. But all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Car. Peace, here's her Father.

San. That's well, we shall see how things go presently.

Enter Don Alvarez.

Alv. The more I recover from the Disorder this Discourse has put me in, the more strange the whole Adventure appears to me. *Leonora* maintains there is not a Word of Truth in what I've heard; that she knows nothing of the Contract; and indeed she tells me that with such a naked Air of Sincerity, that for my Part I believe her. What then must be their Project? some villainous Intention, to be sure; tho' which Way I yet am ignorant. But here's the Bridegroom, I'll accost him.—I am told, Sir, you take upon you to scandalize my Daughter, and tell idle Tales of what can never happen.

San.

San. Now methinks, Sir, if you treated your Son in Law that is to be, with a little more Civility, things might go just as well in the main.

Alv. What means this insolent Fellow by my Son in Law? I suppose 'tis you, Villain, are the Author of this impudent Story.

San. You seem angry, Sir,—perhaps without Cause.

Alv. Cause, Traitor! Is a Cause wanting, where a Daughter's defamed, and a noble Family scandaliz'd?

Car. There he is, let him answer you.

Alv. I shou'd be glad he'd answer me; why, if he had any Desire to my Daughter, he did not make his Approaches like a Man of Honour.

San. Yes, and so have had the Doors bolted against him, like a House-breaker. [*Aside.*]

Car. Sir, to justify my Proceeding, I have little to say; but, to excuse it, I have much; if any Allowance may be made to a Passion, which in your Youth, you have yourself been swayed by; I love your Daughter to that Excess.—

Alv. You Wou'd undo her for a Night's Lodging.

Car. Undo her, Sir.

Alv. Yes, that's the Word; you knew it was against her Interest to marry you, therefore you endeavour'd to win her to't in private; you know

knew her Friends would make a better Bargain for her, therefore you kept your Designs from their Knowledge, and yet you love her to that Excess.—

Car. I'd readily lay down my Life to serve her.

Alv. Could you readily lay down Fifty thousand Pistoles to serve her, your excessive Love would come with better Credentials; an Offer of Life is very proper for the Attack of a Counterscarp; but a Thousand Ducates will sooner carry a Lady's Heart; you are a young Man, but will learn this when you are older.

San. But since Things have succeeded better this once, Sir, and that my Master will prove a most incomparable good Husband, (for that he'll do, I'll answer for him) and that 'tis too late to recal what's already done, Sir.—

Alv. What's done, Villain?

San. Sir, I mean that since my Master and my Lady are contracted, and—

Alv. Thou ly'st; they are not contracted.

San. Sir!— I say, that since they are contracted, and that they love each other so passing dearly, indeed I fancy that—

Alv. Why, this Impudence is beyond all bearing: Sir, do you put your Rascal upon this?

Car. Sir, I am in a Wood; I don't know what it is you mean.

Alv. And

Alv. And I am in a Plain, Sir, and think I may be understood; do you pretend you are contracted to my Daughter?

Car. Sir, 'tis my Happiness on one Side, as it is my Misfortune on another.

Alv. And you do think this idle Project can succeed? You do believe your affirming you are contracted to her will induce both her and me to consent it shall be so.

San. Sir, I see you make my Master almost out of his Wits to hear you talk so: But I, who am but a Stander-by now, as I was at the Contract, have mine about me, and desire to know whether you think this Project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming they are not contracted, will induce both him and I to give up the Lady? One short Question to bring this Matter to an Issue, Why, do you think they are not contracted?

Alv. Because she utterly renounces it.

San. And so she will her Religion, if you attack it with that dreadful Face. D'ye hear, Sir? The poor Lady is in Love heartily, and I wish all poor Ladies that are so, wou'd dispose of themselves so well as she has done; but you scare her out of her Senses: Bring her here into the Room, speak gently to her, tell her you know the Thing is done, that you have it from a Man of Honour, me; that may be you wish it had been otherwise, but are a Christian,

and profess Mercy, and therefore have resolved to pardon her. Say this, and I shall appear a Man of Reputation, and have Satisfaction made me.

Alv. Or an impudent Rogue, and have all your Bones broke.

San. Content.

Alv. Agreed. *Leonara!* Who's there? Call *Leonora*.

San. All will go rarely, Sir; we shall have shot the Gulf in a Moment. [*Aside to Carolus.*

Enter Leonora.

Alv. Come hither, *Leonora*.

San. So, now we shall see.

Alv. I call'd you to answer for yourself; here's a strong Claim upon you; if there be any Thing in the pretended Title conceal it no further, it must be known at last, it may as well be so now. Nothing is so uneasy as Uncertainty, I would therefore be gladly freed from it: If you have done what I am told you have, 'tis a great Fault indeed; but as I fear it will carry much of its Punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my Resentment into mourning your Misfortune, than suffer it to add to your Affliction; therefore speak the Truth.

San. Well, this is fair Play, now I speak, Sir; you see, fair Lady, the Goodness of a tender Father, nothing need therefore hinder you

you from owning a most loving Husband. We had like to have been altogether by the Ears about this Business, and Pails of Blood were ready to run about the House: But, thank Heaven, the Sun shines out again, and one Word from your sweet Mouth makes fair Weather for ever. My Master has been forced to own your Contract, he begs you'll do so too.

Leon. Ha! our Marriage Contract discover'd, however I am resolved to deny it stiffly, lest it should urge my Father to hasten the Marriage he has propos'd to me with that curs'd *Spaniard*, as also to punish *Carlos* for his Indiscretion, in revealing a Secret so necessary for both our Quiets to be conceal'd. [*Aside.*] What does this impudent Rascal mean?

San. Ha! — Madam!

Leon. Sir, I should be very glad to know [*to Carlos*] what can have been the Occasion of this wild Report; sure you cannot be yourself a Party in it.

San. He, he, —

Car. Forgive me, dear *Leonora*, I know you had strong Reasons for the Secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my Fault, our Contract is disclos'd.

Leon. Our Contract, Sir!

Car. 'Tis known, my Dear, tho' much against my Will; but since it is so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it longer.

Leon. Then,

Leon. Then, Sir, I am contracted to you; I fell in love with you, and contracted myself to you without my Father's Knowledge.

Car. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas Love; I humbly am content to owe the Blessing to your Generosity; you saw the Pains I suffer'd for your Sake, and in Compassion eas'd 'em.

Leon. I did, Sir! this exceeds all human Impudence.

San. Truly, I think it does, she'd make an incomparable Actress.

Car. I begin to be surpriz'd, Madam, at your carrying this thing so far; you see there's no Occasion for it; and for the Discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my Fault.

San. My Master's! no, 'twas I did it: why, what a Buffle's here? I knew things wou'd go well, and so they do, if Folks wou'd let 'em. But if Ladies will be in their Merriments, when Gentlemen are upon serious Business; why, what a Deux can one say to 'em?

Leon. I see this Fellow is to be an Evidence in your Plot; where you hope to drive, it is hard to guess; for if any thing can exceed, its Impudence, it is its Folly. A noble Stratagem indeed to win a Lady by! I cou'd be diverted with it; but that I see a Face of Villainy requires a rougher Treatment: I cou'd almost, methinks, forget my Sex, and be my own Avenger.

Car.

Car. Madam, I am surpriz'd beyond all.—

San. Pray, Sir, let me come to her; you are so surpriz'd, you'll make nothing on't; she wants a little snubbing. Look you, Madam, I have seen many a pleasant Humour amongst Ladies, but you out cut them all. Here's Contradietion with a Vengeance; you han't been contracted eight and forty Hours, and you are flap —— at your Husband's Beard already: Why, do you consider who he is? —— Who this Gentleman is? And what he can do by Law? Why, he can lock you up, —— knock you down, —— tie you Neck and Heels. ——

Car. Forbear, you insolent Villain, you.

[Offering to strike him.]

Leon. That —— for what's past however.

[Giving a Box o'th' Ear.]

San. I think —— she gave me a Box o'th' Ear; ha!

[Exit Leonora.]

Sir, will you suffer your old Servants to be us'd thus by new Comers? It's a Shame, a mere Shame, Sir, will you take a poor Dog's Advice for once? She denies she's contracted to you: Take her at her Word; you have seen some of her Humours; —— let her go.

Alv. Well, Gentlemen, thus far you see I have heard all with Patience; have you content? Or how much farther do you design to go with this Business?

San.

San. Why truly, Sir, I think we are near at a Stand.

Alv. 'Tis time, you Villain you.

San. Why, and I am a Villain now, if every Word I've spoke be not as true as — as the Gazettee: And your Daughter's no better than a — a — a whimsical young Woman, for making Disputes among Gentlemen. And if every Body had their Deserts, she'd have a good — I won't speak it out to inflame Reckonings; but let her go, Master.

Alv. Sir, I don't think it well to spend any more Words with your impudent and villainous Servant here.

San. Thank you, Sir: but I'd let her go.

Alv. Nor have I more to say to you than this, that you must not think so daring an Affront to my Family can go long unresented. Farewell.

[Exit Alvarez.]

Cor. Well, Sir, what have you to say for yourself now?

San. Why, Sir, I have only to say, that I am a very unfortunate — middle ag'd Man; and that I believe all the Stars upon Heaven and Earth have been concern'd in my Destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my Downfall in mournful Lines, and Notes of doleful Tune: I am at present troubled in Mind, Despair around me, signify'd in appearing

ing Gibbets, with a great Bundle of Dog-whips by way of Preparation.

*I therefore will go seek some Mountain high,
If high enough some Mountain may be found,
With distant Valley dreadfully profound;
And from the horrid Cliff—look calmly all a-
round.*

Farewell.

[*Aside.*

Car. No, Sirrah : I'll see your wretched End myself. Die here, Villain.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

San. I can't, Sir, if any Body looks upon me.

Car. Away, you trifling Wretch ; but think not to escape, for thou shalt have thy Recompence.

[*Exit Carlos.*

Sancho Solus.

Why, What a mischievous Jade is this, to make such an Uproar in a Family the Day before her Marriage ? Why, my Master won't so much as get a Honey-moon out of her ; I'gad let her go. If she be thus in her soft and tender Youth, she'll be rare Company at three-score : Well, he may do as he pleases ; but were she my Dear, I'd let her go, — such a Foot at her Tail, I'd make the Truth bounce out at her Mouth, like a Pellet out of a Put-gun.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter *Alvarez*.

Alv. Leonora, I'd have you retire a little, and send your Brother's Tutor to me, *Metaphrastus*. [Exit *Leonora* and *Jacinta*.

Solus.

I'll try if I can discover by his Tutor what it is that seems so much to work his Brain of late; for some thing more than common there plainly does appear.

Enter *Metaphrastus*.

Metaph. Mandatum tuum Cura diligenter.

Alv. Master, I had a Mind to ask you.—

Metaph. The Title, Master, comes from *magis and ter*, which is as much as to say, Thrice worthy.

Alv. I never heard so much before, but it may be true for ought I know: But Master. —

Metaph. Go on.

Alv. Why so I will if you'll let me, but don't interrupt me then.

Metaph. Enough, proceed.

Alv. Why then, Master, for a third Time, my Son *Camillo* gives me much Uneasiness of late; you know I love him, and have many careful Thoughts about him.

Metaph. 'Tis true. *Filio non potest præferri, nisi Filius*.

Alv. Master, when one has Business to talk on, these scholastick Expressions are not of use;
I be-

I believe you a 'great Latineſt; poſſibly you may underſtand *Greek*: Thoſe who recommended you to me, ſaid ſo, and I am willing it ſhou'd be true: But the Thing I want to diſcourſe you about at preſent, does not properly give you an Occaſion to diſplay your Learning. Beſides, to tell you Truth, 'twill at all Times be loſt upon me; my Father was a wiſe Man, but he taught me nothing beyond common Senſe; I know but one Tongue in the World, which luckily being underſtood by you as well as me; I fancy whatever Thoughts we have to communicate to one another, may reaſonably be conveyed in that, without having Recourſe to the Language of *Julius Cæſar*.

Metaph. You are wrong, but may proceed.

Alv. I thank you; what is the Matter, I do not know; but tho' it is of the utmoſt Conſequence to marry my Son, what match ſoever I propoſe to him, he ſtill finds ſome Pretence or other to decline it.

Metaph. He is, perhaps, of the Humour of a Brother of *Marcus Tullius*, who——

Alv. Dear Maſter, leave the *Greeks*, and the *Latins*, and the *Scots*, and the *Welſh*, and let me go on in my Buſineſs; what have theſe People to do with my Son's Marriage?

Metaph. Again you are wrong; but go on.

Alv. I ſay then, that I have ſtrong Appre-

D

hen-

hensions from his refusing all my Proposals, that he may have some secret Inclination of his own; and to confirm me in this Fear, I Yesterday observ'd him (without his knowing it) in a Corner of the Grove, where no Body comes.——

Metaph. A Place out of the way, you wou'd say, a Place of Retreat.

Alv. Why, the Corner of the Grove, where no Body comes, is a Place of Retreat, is it not?

Metaph. In Latin, *Secessus*.

Alv. Ha!

Metaph. As *Virgil*, has it. *Est in secessu Locus*.

Alv. How cou'd *Virgil* have it, when I tell you no Soul was there but he and I?

Metaph. *Virgil* is a famous Author, I quote his Saying as a Phrase more proper to the Occasion than that you use, and not as one who was in the Wood with you.

Alv. And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any *Virgil* of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better Phrase than my own to tell you my Meaning.

Metaph. You ought however to make Choice of the Words most us'd by the best Authors. *Tu vivendo bonos, as they say, Scribendo sequare peritos.*

Alv.

Alv. Again!

Metaph. 'Tis *Quintilian's* own Precept.

Alv. Oons.—

Metaph. And he has some thing very learn'd upon it, that may be of Service to you to hear.

Alv. You Son of a Whore, will you hear me speak?

Metaph. What may be the Occasion of this unmanly Passion? What is it you would have with me?

Alv. What you might have known an Hour ago, if you had pleas'd.

Metaph. You would then have me hold my Peace—. I shall.

Alv. You will do very well.

Metaph. You see I do; well, go on.

Alv. Why then, to begin once again, I say my Son *Camillo*—

Metaph. Proceed; I shan't interrupt you.

Alv. I say my Son *Camillo*—

Metaph. What is it you say of your Son *Camillo*?

Alv. That he has got a Dog of Tutor, whose Brains I'll beat out, if he won't hear me speak.

Metaph. That Dog is a Philosopher, contemns Passion, and yet will hear you.

Alv. I don't believe a Word on't, but I'll try once again; I have a Mind to know from you

you, whether you have observed any Thing in my Son——.

Metaph. Nothing that is like his Father.
Go on:

Alv. Have a Care.

Metaph. I do not interrupt you; but you are long in coming to a Conclusion.

Alv. Why, thou hast not let me begin yet.

Metaph. And yet it is high Time to have made an End.

Alv. Dost thou know thy Danger? I have not—thus much Patience left. [*Shewing the End of his Finger.*]

Metaph. Mine is already consum'd. I do not use to be thus treated; my Profession is to teach, and not to hear; yet I have hearkned like a School-boy, and am not heard, altho' a Master.

Alv. Get out of the Room.

Metaph. I will not. If the Mouth of a wise Man be shut, he is, as it were, a Fool; for who shall know his Understanding? Therefore a certain Philosopher said well, *Speak that thou may'st be known*; great Talkers, without Knowledge, are as the Winds that whistle; but they who have Learning shou'd speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole Order of Nature o'erthrown; Hens devour Foxes, and Lambs destroy Wolves, Nurses suck Children, and Children give

give suck, Generals mend Stockings, and Chambermaids take Towns; we may expect, I say——

Alv. That, and that, and that, and——

[Strikes him and kicks him; and then follows him off with a Bell at his Ear.]

Metaph. O tempora! O mores!

Enter Don Carlos and Sancho.

Car. Repuls'd again! This is not to be born. How was it she treated thee?

San. Never was Ambassador worse received. Madam, my Master asks Ten thousand Pardons, and humbly begs one Moment's Interview——

Begone, you Rascal you. Madam, what Answer shall I give my Master? — Tell him he's a Villain. Indeed, fair Lady, I think this is hasty Treatment—— Here my Footmen, toss me this Fellow out at the Window; and away she went to her Devotions.

Car. Did you see *Jacinta*?

San. Yes, she saluted me with half a Score Rogues and Rascals too. I think our Destinies are much alike, Sir; And o' my Conscience, a Couple of scurvy Jades we are hamper'd with.

Car. Ungrateful Woman, to receive with such Contempt, so quick a Return of a Heart so justly alarm'd.

San. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. What, no Allowance to be made to the first

first Transports of a Lover's Fury, when rous'd by so dreadful an Appearance? As just as my Suspicions were, have I long suffer'd them to arraign her?

San. No.

Car. Have I waited for Oaths or Imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Car. Nay, even now is not the whole World still in Suspence about her? whilst I alone conclude her innocent.

San. 'Tis very true.

Car. She might, methinks, thro' this profound Respect, observe a Flame no other would have cherish'd: She might support me against groundless Fears, and save me from a Rival's Tyranny; she might release me from these cruel Racks, and wou'd, no doubt, if she cou'd love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. But since she don't, what do I whining here? Curse on the base Humilities of Love.

San. Right.

Car. Let Children kiss the Rod that fleas them, let Dogs ly down and lick the Shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Car. I am a Man by Nature meant for Power; the Sceptre's given us to weild, and we be-

betray our Trust whenever we meanly lay it at a Woman's Feet.

San. True, we are Men, hoo — come Master, let us both be in a Passion; here's my Sceptre, [*shewing a Cudgel*] subject *Jacinta*, look about you. Sir, was you ever in *Muscovy*? the Women there love the Men dearly; why? because — [*shaking his Stick*] there's your Love-Powder for you. Ah, Sir, were we but wise and stout, what Work shou'd we make with them? But this humble Love-making spoils them all. A rare Way indeed to bring Matters about with them; we are perswading them all Day they are Angels and Goddeses, in order to use them at Night like human Creatures; we are like to succeed truly.

Car. For my Part, I never yet cou'd bear a Slight from any Thing, nor will I now. There is but one Way however to resent it from a Woman; and that's to drive her bravely from your Heart, and place a worthier in her vacant Throne.

San. Now, with Submission to my betters, I have another way, Sir; I'll drive my Tyrant from my Heart, and place myself in her Throne. Yes, I will be Lord of my own Tenement, and keep my Household in Order. Would you, would you do so too, Master; for, look you, I have been Servitor in a College at *Salamanca*, and read Philosophy with the Doctor;

For; where I found, that a Woman in all
 Times has been observed to be an Animal hard
 to understand, and much inclined to Mischief.
 Now, as an Animal is always an Animal, and a
 Captain always a Captain, so a Woman is al-
 ways a Woman: Whence it is, that a certain
Greek says, *Her Head is like a Bank of Sand*;
 or as another, *a solid Rock*; or, according to a
 third, *a dark Lanthorn*. Pray, Sir, observe,
 for this is close Reasoning; and so as the Head
 is the Head of the Body, and that the Body
 without a Head, is like a Head without a Tail;
 and that where there is neither Head nor Tail,
 'tis a very strange Body; so, I say, a Woman
 is by Comparison, do you see (for nothing ex-
 plains like Comparisons) I say by Comparison,
 as *Aristotle* has often said before me, one may
 compare her to the raging Sea; for, as the Sea,
 when the Wind rises, knits its Brows, like an
 angry Bull, and that Waves mount upon Rocks,
 and Rocks mount upon Waves; that Porpus-
 ses leap like Trouts, and Whales skip about
 like Gudgeons; that Ships roll like Beer-bar-
 rels, and Mariners pray like Saints; just so, I
 say, a Woman.—A Woman, I say, just so,
 when her Reason is shipwrecked upon her Pas-
 sion, and the Hulk of her Understanding lies
 thumping against the Rock of her Fury; then
 it is, I say, that by certain Emotions, which
 —um—cause, as one may suppose, a Sort of
 con-

convulsive—yes—hurricaneous—um—like.—
In short, a Woman is like the Devil.

Car. Admirably reasoned indeed, *Sancho*.

San. Pretty well, I thank Heaven; but here come the Crocodiles to weep us into Mercy.

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Master, let us shew ourselves Men, and leave their briny Tears to wash their dirty Faces.

Car. It is not in the Power of Charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope, and yet I fear these Eyes will look out sharp to snatch up such a Prize.

[*Pointing to Jacinta.*

Jacin. He's coming to us, Madam, to beg Pardon, but sure you'll never grant it him.

Leo. If I do, may Heav'n ne'er grant me mine.

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You look, Madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual Importunities; I'll ease you of that Pain, by telling you my Business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with Heaven and Hell for Seconds; for may the Joys of one fly from me, whilst the Pains of t'other overtake me, if all your Charms displayed e'er shake my Resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon.

Leo. You are a Man of that nice Honour, Sir, I know you'll keep your Word: I expected

sted this Assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Facin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious Dame, you did ; how base is Woman's Pride ! How wretched are the Ingredients it is form'd of ! If you saw Cause for just Disdain, why did you not at first repulse me ? Why lead a Slave in Chains, that could not grace your Triumph ? If I am thus to be condemn'd, think on the Favours you have done the Wretch, and hide your Face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only Fault the World can charge me with : The Favours I have done to you, I am indeed asham'd of ; but, since Women have their Frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, Madam, I'm happy however, you at least speak frankly. I thank you for it ; from my Soul I thank you : But don't expect me grovelling at your Feet again, don't ; for if I do—

Leo. You will be treated as you deserve, trode upon.

Car. Give me Patience ;—but I don't want it ; I am calm : Madam, farewell, be happy, if you can ; by Heav'n's I wish you so, but never spread your Net for me again ; for if you do—

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into Fire and Flames ; rather be torn with Pincers Bit from Bit ;

Bit; rather be broil'd, like Martyrs, upon Gridirons.—But, I am wrong, this sounds like Passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry: Madam, I think we have no farther Business together; your most humble Servant.

Leo. Farewel t'ye, Sir.

Car. Come along. [To Sancho.

Goes to the Scene, and returns.

Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my Resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damn'd, or any other thing that Men or Gods can think on, if on any Occasion whatever, Civil or Military, Pleasure or Business, Love or Hate, or any other Accident of Life, I, from this Moment, change one Word or Look with you.

[Going off, Sancho claps him on the Back.

Leo. Content, come away, *Jacinta,*

Carlos returns.

Car. Yet one Word, Madam, if you please; I have a little Thing here belongs to you, a foolish Bawble I once was fond of. *[Twitching her Picture from his Breast.]* Will you accept a Trifle from your Servant?

Leo. Willingly, Sir; I have a Bawble too I think you have some Claim to; you'll wear it for my Sake.

[Breaks a Bracelet from her Arm, and gives it him.

Car. Most thankfully; this too I should restore you, it once was yours.—*[Giving her a Table-book.]* By your Favour, Madam,—there

is a Line or two in it, I think you did me once the Honour to write with your own fair Hand. Here it is. [Reads.

You love me, Carlos, and would know

The secret Movements of my Heart :

Whether I give you mine or no,

With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful Lines too, I think I can produce them.

[Pulls out a Table-book, reads, and then gives it him.

How long soe'er, to sigh in vain,

My Destiny may prove ;

My Fate (in spite of your Disdain)

Will let me glory in your Chain,

And give me Leave eternally to love.

There, Sir, take your Poetry again.

[Throwing it at his Feet.

'Tis not much the worse for my wearing ;
'twill serve again upon a fresh Occasion.

Facin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the Present, Madam, with—a Pocket full of your Prose.—

There—

[Throwing a Handful of Letters at her Feet.

Leo. Facinta, give me his Letters. There, Sir, not to be behind-hand with you.

[Takes a Handful of his Letters out of a Box, and throws them in his Face.

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, Sir.

[*Jacinta throws the rest at him.*]

San. 'Ods my Life, we want Ammunition:
But for a Shift,—There—and there, you saucy
Slut you,

[*Sancho pulls a Pack of dirty Cards out
of his Pocket, and throws 'em at her;
then they close; he pulls off her Head-
clothes, and she his Wig, and then part,
she running to her Mistress, he to his
Master.*]

Jacin. I think, Madam, we have clearly the
better on't.

Leo. For a Proof, I resolve to keep the
Field.

Jacin. Have a Care he don't rally and beat
you yet though: Pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the Armies stand and gaze at one
another after the Battle! what think you, Sir,
of shewing yourself a great General, by making
an honourable Retreat?

Car. I scorn it: Oh *Leonora, Leonora!* a
Heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. *Carlos, Carlos!* I have not deserv'd
this Usage.

Car. Barbarous *Leonora!* but 'tis useless to
reproach you; she that is capable of what you
have done, is form'd too cruel ever to repent
of it. Go on then, Tyrant; make your Bliss
compleat; torment me still, for still, alas! I
love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah *Carlos!* little do you know the tender Movements of that Thing you name; the Heart where Love presides admits no Thought against the Honour of its Ruler.

Car. 'Tis not to call that Honour into Doubt, if conscious of our own Unworthiness, we interpret every Frown to our Destruction.

Leo. When Jealousy proceeds from such humble Apprehensions, it shews itself with more Respect than yours has done.

Car. And where a Heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater Crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our Debate; if both have been in Fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it, our Separation will do Justice on us.

Car. But since we are ourselves the Judges of our Crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler Punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Car. And if it shou'd —

Leo. 'Twou'd give a fresh Occasion for the pleasing Exercise of Mercy.

Car. Right; and so we act the Part of Earth and Heav'n together, of Men and Gods, and taste of both their Pleasures.

Leo. The Banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then let us fall on, and feed upon't for ever.

[*Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her Hand.*]

Leo. Ah Woman! foolish, foolish Woman.

San. Very foolish indeed.

Jacin. But don't expect I'll follow her Example.

San. You wou'd, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jacin. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out. Ah! — that she had a little of my Spirit in her.

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her Flesh, my Charmer; but 'twon't do; I am all Rock, hard Rock, very Marble.

Jacin. A very Pumice-Stone, you Rascal you, if one would try thee; but to prevent thy Humilities, and shew thee all Submission would be vain; to convince thee thou hast nothing but Misery and Despair before thee, here — take back thy paltry Thimble, and be in my Debt, for the Shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if ye're at that Sport, Mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the Balance of thy Presents. There, take thy Tobacco-stopper, and stop thy —

Jacin. Here — take thy Sattin Pincushion, with thy curious Half hundred of Pins in't, thou mad'st such a Vapouring about Yesterday: Tell them carefully, there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy Ivory-hafted Knife again, whet it well; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but Love.

Jacin. And there's thy pretty Pocket-Scissars thou hast honour'd me with, they'll cut off a Leg or an Arm: Heav'n bless them.

San. Here's the enchanted Hankerchief you were pleas'd to endear with your precious Blood, when the Violence of your Love at Dinner

other

Yother Day made you cut your Fingers—
There. [*Blows his Nose in it, and gives it her.*]

Jacin. The Rascal so provokes me, I won't
even keep his paltry Garters from him. D'
you see these? you pitiful beggarly Scoundrel
you— There take 'em, there. [*She takes her
Garters off, and flaps them about his Face.*]

San. I have but one Thing more of thine.
[*Shewing his Cudgel*] I own 'tis the Top of all
thy Presents, and might be useful to me; but
that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me
with, e'en take it again with the rest of them.

[*Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps a-
bout his Neck.*]

Jacin. Ah! cruel Sancho!— Now beat
me, Sancho, do.

San. Rather, like Indian Beggars, beat my
precious self.

[*Throws away his Stick and embraces her.*]

*Rather let Infants Blood about the Streets;
Rather let all the Wine about the Cellar;
Rather let—Oh! Jacinta!—thou hast o'ercome:
How foolish are the great Resolves of Man!
Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can:
When those bright Eyes in Kindness please to shine,
Their Goodness I must needs return with mine:
Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's Arms.*

Jacin. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's
Charms.

Exeunt.



